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E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 548. F. & A. M. Stated meetings the first and filled such month at 7:30 p. m. Transient brethren cordially invited J. R. EVANS. W. M. CHAS. COWELL, Secretary

ST. BERNARD LODGE, No. 240, I.
O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday night at 7/30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
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C. H. HUNT, Secretary

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CHAS. COWRLL, C. C.
THOS D. HARRIS, K. of R. 2Dd S.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 61, A. O. U. W. meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. F. M. McCosp, W. M.

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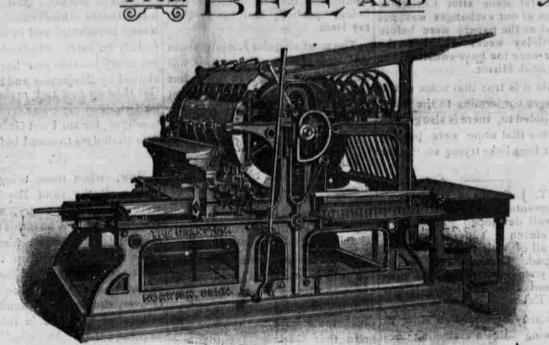
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BEYOND THE MIST.

Your face it was so thin and clear, The night you said good-by, It touched me with an awful fear, As if a ghost were nigh; But then you smiled and softly said: "Tis pleasant where I go," And out beyond the mist you fied; Whither I do not know.

o, hidden are the ways of love! Come back, sweet love, to me! The floor of God, his roof above, Can these a barrier bo? Or will love find between the stare Can no bold spirit leap the bars And foll the guards of Fater-

Ab, maiden, whither fare you now Beyond the mist of blue And are you happy? Tell me bow
The strangers greeted you.
When through their gates you wondering went
And walked in stately guise, As some tall, childlike angel seat Abroad in Paradise.

And did you pass by Avalon To each the fruit perfume, And fragrance blown 'twixt sea and sun From apple groves a bloom? Oh, whisper back one word to tell In what far lands you go. On grassy glade or flowery fell, Or where the lilies blow.

I must believe your feet are set Beyond remotest space; But have you reached or sighted yet The city of God's grace? Oh, is it cold, or is it warm, Or clear or cloudy weather? Dear soul, we felt not any storm The while we walked together

hold my hears with both my hands, And close my soul to doubt, What time you stray in hidden lands;— The secret of your flight, And come to you, as down the wind
Far music comes by night.
—Maurice Thompson, in N. Y. Independent.

WAITING.



TERE was a pret-

stranded at Rouen. Litertime, to a con-

even speak French!" ty fix! Here was
I, a poor little one!" said he, tenderly.
He took my hand in his. "Well, the
forlorn schoolgirl of twelve,
me. You must be hungry, and want. ally stranded- to-night, and I will take you down to for I had no Arcajon to morrow."

money and I looked at him with wistful, widea word of grammel—but there was an insuperable French. I had difficulty—not any doubt of my English been sent over, or Italian friend, whichever he wasfor the first that never entered my head.

again. "You can't stay here all night, you know. Come along, curly-wig."

He took my hand, lifted my portmanteau, and I trotted along by his side, feeling very happy and grateful, but a good deal troubled, too. Presentchild, but people have other things to ly I ventured: "Are you going to Ar-

sald, with a big sigh.

"Well, nothing at present, madamoiselle—what is your Christian name?

—I know the other—I saw it on your

portmanteau. "My name is Irene," said I. "And mine is Keith Lockwood;

thought by his bearing, a gentleman "Yes," said I, looking up at him—it beyond all doubt, and an Italian, I was a good way to look up—and he imagined; but, of course, I didn't know looked down with his bright, sweet

lovely dinner; but first, Mr. Lockwood telegraphed to Lady Superior that I was coming the next day. After dinner, we sat in a beautiful salon, and Mr. Lockwood was kindness itself to He drew me within his arm and made

me talk to him, and told me all about his travels, and I listened entranced. I was sublimely happy with him, and quite cast down when he told me to go to bed; but of course I submitted

that the tears came into my eyes again, and I thought how horrid it would be to-morrow when he left me, and most likely I would never see him again. We did not leave by an early train the next day. Mr. Lockwood laughed, and said he wasn't going to give me up so soon, and asked me if I wanted to go. I was standing by him then, as he coked over some train paper, and he

You are no bother, Irene." n, and kissed me. "Hm!" said the gentleman, pulling

"You bonnie, little clinging thing," he said, softly. "I wish I could keep you always. How would you like that?" his mustache. He sat down by me. "There's no other boat train in to-day," 'Very much," said I, promptly, "if ther were here too." He did not answer that, but held me

to him for two or three minutes without a word. Then he told me to go and

and other interesting things, and seemed to me to know all about everything. In the late afternoon we went on to Paris, where we had dinner, and then took train for Areajon. We were traveling the best part of the night, and when I got sleepy my

and a kiss, and I found we were clos to Arcajon. "What time is it?" I naked "Two in the morning, pretty one; but can't take you to the convent at this time; we must go to a hotel first.

"Onite onite sure pretty one." shall never forgot his smile as he said at all like giving me up, nor did I like

"I suppose," he said about eight o'clock, "I must take you to the conwill say our good-by here, Irene

good to me!"
"What would you do for me, blue eyes?" he asked, smiling down on me. "Anything!" I said, with all my heart the words "Indeed - indeed, I "Well, my child-some day I may ask you for something."

I hope we shail! Oh, if I could ever do

anything for you-you have been so

'Oh, won't you tell me now-only-My face fell. "I am so little. What can I do?" "You have done a great deal already," he said, tenderly; "much more than you think. No, I will tell you by and by. Kiss me now, Irene; we

must say good-by for the present.' I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him with a child's frank affection and gratitude, and presently he put me down, and taking my hand led me away to the convent. He would not give me his address that mother might write and thank him, but he naked for my address, and gave me,

before we parted, a lovely gold cross which he told me to wear always, to keep his memory green. "I should keep his memory green. "I should never, never forget you—without that," All that was seven years ago, and now I am nineteen, alone in the world,

and filling my second situation as governess, in a county family this ime. They are very good to me, and I am happy; but I have never forgetten Keith Lockwood, and often wonder if I shall ever see him again, and some-times it crosses me vaguely that it would be better if I did not; for looking back, I can see now that his sphere mine are wide apart. He was a well off man; that journey to Arcajon was wholly on my account, and he went to first-class hotels. The brazen pot and the earthen put don't sail down the same stream.

I was thinking some such thoughts, as I sat one morning in the woods alone for my pupils were out with their mother, when a step near me made me look up—and then I sprang to my feet, my face flushing, my heart leaping within me. It was Keith Lockwood who stood before me—and knew me—despite the lapse of years. I saw it in his face, and he had both my hands in his, holding them fast.

"So!" he said, after a minute, "you are glad to see me?" his voice quivered

"Yes," I said; his manner startled "It is only seven years. I would have known you after twenty. Come and sit here, and tell me all about your-

He drew me down to the low bank by his side, still keeping one of my hands in his-I tried to draw it away, but he held it fast, and he made me tell him all about myself; but when I ven-tured to speak of the "chance" of our meeting here, he smiled and said it

wasn't chance. "I found you out," he said; you from your home." I didn't know what to answer to that.

I felt bewildered; the hot color rushed

IT WAS KEITH LOCKWOOD

into my face. I turned away. He bent toward me, drawing me closer to him. "Do you remember what you promised me-seven years ago?" he said, softly; "that you would do anything

"Yes," I managed to get out. "And I told you that some day might-ask you to keep your word?" "I-remember-" I faltered. "What would you do for me

"What can I do?" I began. He interrupted me, speaking in a half assionate way:

"You can try to love me-that is all ask now. Can you do it? I have loved you all these years, child. When I first saw you-poor, little forlorn maiden, sitting alone, waiting-I felt that my future depended on you. I have waited for you ever since we parted, and now-

But he did not fluish the sentence

heart, showing me what I had not dreamed of until this moment, and so he folded me to him, and his lips sought He is going to "ride the goat," I sup-"Darling," he whispered, "were you,

penitently, as if it were something

But Keith Lockwood seemed to regard the naive confession as "passing sweet," and I had no objection at all to his manner of receiving it. The happiness of to-day was worth twice seven years of waiting.

One Consolation. One evening, just about dark, I rode up to a cabin in the Tennessee mountains and asked to stay all night. "I'm sorry, mister," said a woman who had responded to my "hallo," "but yer can't stay here."
"Why not?" I asked. "I'll pay for it.

"Tain't the pay I'm afeard uv, mis-ter," she said, "but ther ain't no menfolks in the house and we can't keep "What am I to do?" I asked, help-

"Go on to the next place, I reckon." "How far is it?" "Two miles, er sitch a matter." "But it is dark," I urged, "I never was here before and I'll be sure to lose

"I reckon ther's a chance uv that," she said, and then, more encouragingly, "but hit's sitch a tarnal bad road, mister, that you'll be glad you lost hit, afore you've gone a mile," and 1 didn't say another word .- Detroit Free Press.

-The captain of a large steamer was once filling up his crew, when a seaman came up and said: "I want to sail with you, sir." "All right, my man," re-plied the captain. "What country-man?" "Oirishman," was the response. "Well, you must get a character." The discharge was obtained. Another man came up and said he wanted to Join. "What country-man" "English, your bonor." "All right; go forward." honor." "All right; go forward." Shortly after, in a heavy sea, the Englishman was swept overboard. Un-moved, Paddy finished swabbing the deck, and then went to the captain's cabin. "Come in," responded the offi-cer to his rap. "What's up now?" "Do you remember Bill Smith, the Englishman, who you took widout a charac-"What of that?" "He's gone overboard wid your bucket."-Voice.

-Chops for One. -Johnnie (with an ax)-"Papa, what is a chophor

NO. 4

He was selling her dry goods. It was evident that her haughty, dis tant manner cut him to the quick "Excuse me, miss," he said, as he stopped in the middle of a measure-ment of cloth, "but ardn't you the young lady who promised to be a sister to me at Cape May?" "It may be that I am," she answered

freezingly. "I wish you

"Because I'd rather be a total stran ger than a relation any day."- Wash-

Clergyman (to youthful rustle at last examination before confirmation)—My boy, what is the meaning of the word

"If I stole a loaf of bread whatshould

orry afterward?" Yes, sir. "Ah, now you see my meaning. Why should I feel sorry?"

Her Sureasm "John," she said, after some silence "What is it, my dear?"

deal, don't they?" "I believe they do."
"And they also think it proper to make jokes about her alleged difficulty

in making up her mind." "John."

"And yet, just look at it."-Washing-Doing the Honors Little Girl - Yes'm, the girl who tends the front door was taken sick

only a minute ago, and the other girl

is out, and mamma is upstairs, so I came to the door myself. Caller-You are very kind, my little Little Girl-Walk into the parlor, please, and I'll tell mamma. I guess maybe you'd better stand up till I

ber which of the chairs is made to alt on. -Good News. Eccentricities of Blue Blood. Mrs. Highupp-Do you believe it is true that Emperor William is having the milk from his farm at Potsdam re-

Comfort from the Conductor. The train had stopped at a station their custom, to stretch their legs on the platform, and when it started

"You left my husband behind, at that last station! "Never mind, madam," replied the official; "calm yourself. We shall be at Chicago in three hours and then you

can get another husband."-Judge. A Landlord in Gloom. Wife-Who was that who called? Husband-One of my tenants came

"Then why do you look so gloomy?" "He didn't say a word about wanting five or six hundred dollars' worth of repairs.

for, I suppose, he saw in my face the sudden light he had flashed into my 'im this evenin'. He's got to go to the lodge on important business. Mrs. Gayman-To the lodge? O, yes.

pose? Office Boy-No, I don't think it's a goat. I heard 'im tellin' Mr. Quick--Chicago Tribune.

hand at magazine poetry.

Faber—Do you think you are capable? You know magazines require something more than rhymes. Penn Inkley (enthusiastically)-Ca-

'Yes, there is a brief intermission between the ice cream period and the sleighing epoch, when the young man's pocketbook takes a rest. I took advantage of it to buy myself some fresh clothes."-Texas Siftings.

Unjustly Accused. He-I assure you I would never dare to rob those sweet lips of a kiss.

She—You hypocrite! Didn't you attempt it last night? rob you of a kiss, I was trying to give you one .- Truth.

In the Restauran "The last time I ordered spring chicken here they brought me a thoroughly matured hen. How do you suppose I can get a real spring chicken?"
"Order a fresh egg."—Demorest's Magazine.

Cholly (who has called)-Yes, he's no gentleman; and he's a brute to boot.-

Austy-So you have had your first meal at your new boarding place. Was it a course dinner? Little Girl-Awfully!-Good News.

en to her in a long time. "Certainly," she answered.

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good-looking; a military man I now we snow even other, don t wer

"What is the matter, little one? Are you waiting for anyone?" The familiar language, the manner,



lady, or her name?" he said.

he said, "and you can't get on to Arcajon to-night." BY INA LEON CASSILIS. I burst out sobbing-I couldn't help

"I can't!" gasped. "I have no money vent'school some hundred miles beyond -only three shillings." Paris; my poor mother, an officer's widow, could not afford to travel with said, smiling. "Come along - you'll me, so I was to be met at Rouen by a trust me, won't you?"

French friend of my mother's, who would duly ship me to my destination, where one of the nuns would meet me. take all that trouble, and do such I had a few shillings in my pocket things for me." still unchanged and my little port-manteau; but no one had come to meet me, and I sat forlors, hungry, be-wildered and homesick-not able even to ask a question of anyone, and no one took any notice of me.

playing Don Quixote to even pretty children, so they all passed me by, and I waited, waited, with my poor little heart sinking lower and lower and the hot tears filling my eyes. What should I do if no one came?

Presently, I noticed that a tall slight man, who had been paoing to and fro for some five minutes, glanced my way more than once. He attracted my attention because he was very

I was considered at home a pretty

do in great railway stations besides

the gentle, kind face, completely won

"WHAT IS THE MATTER, LETTLE ONE?" looked grave. "You don't know the "No. She would know me by my hat and my hair." I had very curly, golden hair.

"What can I do?" I said. "I can't some dinner; and then, if your friend doesn't turn up, we will stop at a hotel

"But I have money, pretty one," he "I think you must," said he, smiling

"Perhaps I am, blue eyes. Don't you leaving him worry your sunny head about any- "I support "What shall I say to thank you?" I

ing up to me, bent down, and said, in the purest English, and the kindest ty, if as much so be constant than thirmanner: He took me to a hotel, and we had

He drew me closer to him and kissed me, just as if I belonged to him, and said, so tenderly: "God keep you, dear."

had his arm round me.

I shook my head. "No," I said, slow-iy, "only I am a bother to you." He put back the curls from my fore head in a wistful sort of way, and half sighed; then he drew my head against

put on my hat, and he would take me What a red-letter day that was for Lockwood showed me the cathe iral, and the statue of Jeanne d' Arc.

friend took me in his arms and pil-lowed my head on his breast, and I slept a child's cloudless sleep. He wolle me with a soft: "Irene, darling," was glad; it was a respite. But I ooke up earnestly late his face. "You are sure I don't bother you?" I

veut. u, and I hid my face. I be from him that I was kissed the tears away.

from him that I was kissed the tears away, we should meet again and presently: "Oh, "Detroit Free Press."

Papa—"It is a house where they have chops." Johnnie (plaintively)—"Is it anything like a woodshed, papa?"—Detroit Free Press.

you going to have a party?"
"No; I wanted to try
new slung shot."—"

A Logical Answer.

epentant? Boy -Please sir, I don't know.

"Please, sir, locked up."
"Well, but if I was, shouldn't I be

"Please, sir, cos you was ketched."-London Tid-Bits

"Men say that women talk a great

"Well, dear?" "Are there any women in congress?"

come back, 'cause I never can remem-

tailed in Berlin from wagons with his name painted on them? Mrs. Wayupp—I shouldn't wonder. It's nothing. Why, even my grandfa-ther did the same thing.—N. Y. Weekly.

again one of the men, who had strayed a little too far off, was left behind. In a minute or two there was a loud scream and a woman rushed up to the conductor and exclaimed excitedly:

to pay his rent.
"Did he pay it?" "Yes."

"What of it?" "That shows that he's going to leave."-N. Y. Weekly. Not in the Message Office Boy-Mr. Gayman sent me to

"I didn't know it," I answered, half stop he was goin' out on a little lark. Competent.
Penn Inkley—I think I shall try my

> pable! Why, it's just in my line! I've been running the puzzle department of our paper for years .- Puck. He Saved Up. "You've got a new suit of clothes," remarked young Mr. Madison Square to Charlie Lovely.

He-Never! Far from intending to

Where the Shoe Burt. Gussie-Yes, Miss Goldmore is a stunning girl; but I don't think much of her father.

"Sister," said the little boy, "will you please make me a lot of biscuit like those you gave us for breakfast the other day?"
Sister was touched. They were the first cheering words Johnny had spok-